Fall To Pride

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Fall To Pride

by ElizaD

Summary

Will worships Hannibal like the God he thinks he is.

Part of a series but can be read as a stand alone.

Notes

The penultimate part of this series, only lust left after this. I hope you enjoy and if I go quiet for a little while I am fleeing the British weather for some sun in Lazerote. Wish me luck as I hate flying, there will be medication and tears involved.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal tipped his head back and let the water flow over his body. Their monsoon shower felt like heaven first thing in the morning, especially after he had slept so heavily. He opened his eyes when he heard Will enter the bathroom, brushing his teeth. “Care to join me darling?” He asked, poking his head out of the shower. Will smiled and dropped his boxers before joining Hannibal under the spray. Hannibal kissed him with a pleased hum. “I knew I was right to purchase a shower big enough for two,” he said.

“Aren’t you always right?” Will asked.

“Yes, but I never thought you would admit it,” Hannibal said.

“Yes, Hannibal, you are always right,” Will said, pressing himself against Hannibal’s hard body. “You have the most brilliant mind,” he purred, sliding his hand into Hannibal’s wet hair. “Able to foresee every outcome and plan for it, so very clever,” he said with pride.

“I could never predict you,” Hannibal said fondly.

“Is that still true?” Will asked, titling his head. “You prepared this house for two. A shower designed for two people, where no-one is left freezing outside of the spray. So close to the ocean with a one man boat and great quality rods waiting to be christened,” he thrust his hips against Hannibal with a low laugh.

“Don’t work blue, dearest,” Hannibal chided softly.

“I wasn’t, you’re the one with the dirty mind,” Will said.

“Can you blame me for not being able to think of anything else while you are pressed against me, naked and saying such sweet things?” Hannibal asked.

“No,” Will answered, pressing a kiss to Hannibal’s soft lips. “King size bed and a huge garden, ready for any stray dogs I may encounter. Every evening we fall asleep to the sound of waves. You claimed you can’t predict me but you knew I’d be here with you.”

“I hoped.”

“You knew,” Will said.

“Yes, I did,” Hannibal agreed. “One day.”

“You could see who I was long before I did,” Will said. “Saw my potential and my darkness before anyone else.”

“We see the potential in the ones we love,” Hannibal told him. “I have loved you so much longer than you know.”

“Do you know when I fell in love with you?” Will asked.

“According to you I know everything,” Hannibal answered with a smile. “I’d like you to tell me.”

“You gave me Cassie Boyle,” Will said.

“Gift-wrapped for you,” Hannibal said. “Did you love me then?” He asked.

“Yes. I didn’t want to, but every night I saw her,” Will said. “In my dreams.”

“Good,” Hannibal said. “I wanted to bury myself inside your mind, have a home behind the walls of your forts where others only got to peak. Then you saw me wrist deep in a dying man,” he pressed his cheek to Will’s. “You saw that I held his life in my hands, the power. You knew then, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” Will answered. “I dreamt of you every night after that, not always as you, sometimes it was your monster, the wendigo.”

“Having you see me was the most erotic feeling I have ever experienced,” Hannibal told him.

“That’s when you knew, wasn’t it?” Will said.

“That I would one day have you here, far away from inferior people harming your precious mind. Mine alone for the rest of our days, yes Will, I knew then,” Hannibal said.

“And you knew exactly what you had to do to make it happen,” Will said. “Even when what you did seemed mad, you knew the consequences.”

“I never imagined you would send a man to kill me,” Hannibal admitted. “I thought you would save that honour for yourself.”

“You never even considered it?” Will said, frowning slightly.

“Not until I noticed the way he looked at you,” Hannibal said, voice growing dark. “I recognised the mad obsession I also felt for you, could see how much he wanted you, that he would kill for you,” he brushed Will’s hair back from his forehead. “But I never worried that he would take you from me. I’ve always known that you were mine.”

“He tried to get me out,” Will said. “I thought it was you.”

Hannibal laughed softly. “If it was me you would have been free. When I wanted you out I had you, right back in my office and dressed up so pretty for me.”

“It didn’t fool you for a second,” Will said with a proud grin.

“I tried my best to win you but no, I gave you every opportunity to choose me but you never did,” Hannibal said sadly.

“I chose you the second I heard your voice on the phone, when it was too late. No-one else could have done what you did,” Will said, eyes shining with the glow of pure devotion. “You cut me enough to hurt me but not enough to kill me.”

“How would you have come after me if you had died?” Hannibal asked with a small smile.

“Like you knew I would,” Will said brightly. “I love your brilliant mind.”

“Good to know you are with me for more than my body,” Hannibal said, embracing Will fully.

“I also love your gorgeous body,” Will said, raising his hands to comb through Hannibal’s hair. “Every last inch of you is perfect. Your hair is so soft and thick, even when you’re covered in blood it is perfect. It’s the most stunning colours, a mix of gold and silver, I think I like it even better now it’s mostly grey,” he said, caressing the white hair at his temple.

“Should I be insecure about my age, Will?” Hannibal asked, raising an eyebrow.

“No, you are perfect,” Will said firmly. “Every inch of you is perfect, even your invisible eyebrows,” he added.

“How lovely,” Hannibal answered. “But I am far from perfect,” the air in his lungs was forced out in a grunt when Will forced him against the wall.

“Shut up!” He snapped. “You are fucking perfect, now let me worship you,” he said firmly, smothering any response with a kiss.

“As you wish,” Hannibal responded with a fond smile. “Though if my head becomes too large to fit through doorways it will be your fault.”

“Good boy,” Will said with a grin.

Hannibal moaned softly. “Now I understand why you like hearing that so much.”

“Quiet now,” Will said, pecking him on the lips. “Where was I?”

“You like my grey hair,” Hannibal reminded him.

“Thank you,” Will said. “I do like your invisible eyebrows, and your eyes. I really adore your eyes, they should be terrifying but they are stunning, blood red with a ring of gold, unique,” Will answered. “Your eyelashes are so long,” Will answered, lightly touching the tips with his fingertips. “I like that they are pale, I have to be this close to you to see them clearly,” His finger moved lower. “Your cheekbones, you look like you’re an aristocrat, or a vampire.”

Hannibal burst out laughing at that. “A vampire?” He repeated.

“You’re a count and you eat people, so yes you are a vampire with a gorgeous tan,” Will said firmly. Hannibal nodded but couldn’t help smiling. “Your skin is even more lovely here, darker from the sun and you smile more. I love seeing you smile,” he obliged, smiling under Will’s fingers. “And your lips,” Will said, pressing a soft kiss to them, humming contentedly. “So soft and sweet, I love the way they feel against mine.”

“May I also say I adore you chapped and rough lips?” Hannibal asked.

“You may,” Will said. Will pressed his hands to Hannibal’s broad shoulders. “Do you know how tortuous it was to watch you cook when I couldn't touch you?” He asked. “You shirt sleeves rolled up and exposing your forearms, muscles moving under your shirt and the top button undone. You looked like temptation incarnate.”

“You could have touched me any time you liked,” Hannibal reminded him. “Gods, I wish you had.”

“Me too,” Will said. “I love that I can touch you now,” Will ran his hand down Hannibal’s thick arms. “It feels so wonderful to have your arms wrapped around me every night, knowing you will hold me whenever I ask,” he said. Hannibal responded by embracing Will, one hand cradling his head. “Even when I don’t ask,” he said with a sweet laugh. “Your hands are amazing.”

“You do seem to enjoy them,” Hannibal observed.

“Not just when they are in my ass, though they are so thick and long and you know exactly how to touch me to make me come apart,” Will said. “You say you can’t predict me but you can control my body with a single touch, my genius.”

“I have applied myself to learning your every sweet spot my darling,” Hannibal said with a gentle purr. “I do adore bringing you pleasure as much as I enjoy your hands and mouth on me.”

Will smiled and dragged his hands down to rest on Hannibal’s chest, combing through the wet hair there. He leant forward and took one dark nipple in his mouth, lapping at the droplets surrounding it and feeling it harden between his teeth. “Your nipples are so sensitive,” he said in delight, leaving kisses over Hannibal’s chest. “I love this,” he said, hands stroking over Hannibal’s salt and pepper chest hair with a starry eyes smile. “You’re the first man I’ve ever been with,” he said.

“I suspected as such although you have always evaded that question,” Hannibal responded.

“I’ve thought about it but never had the opportunity,” Will said.

“I don’t believe that,” Hannibal said, stroking through Will’s hair. “I cannot imagine anyone would not jump at the chance to experience your body.”

“Then I was never brave enough,” Will answered. “Until you happened to me.”

“I didn’t happen to you Will,” Hannibal said. “You happened and it was glorious to see.”

“I remember being on that little boat and waking up next to you, wearing nothing but dark boxers and bandages, when you were still asleep,” Will said. “I just lay there watching you breathe. Staring at the hair on your chest and wondering how it felt. You are so undeniably masculine, I never thought it would be such a turn on. As is your little tummy,” he said with a smile, stroking hands over the soft rounded stomach.

“Will…” Hannibal said, trying to brush Will’s hands away.

“Shush,” Will said softly. “I know you are insecure but I love your belly so stop that,” he said, grabbing Hannibal’s hands and guiding them to rest pressed against the shower wall. With a wicked smile Will sank to his knees before Hannibal, stroking along the V of his hips bones.

“That cannot be comfortable,” Hannibal commented.

“I’m fine,” Will said, kissing along his solid thigh.

“I only say because I am enjoying this immensely and do not want sore knees to end the fun early,” he said with a soft smile. Will took Hannibal’s offered hand and let himself be pulled to his feet. He pressed Hannibal against the cool tiled wall and stole his breath with a deep kiss not stopping until they were both breathing heavily and rock hard. “Please may we move this to the bed?”

Will stepped out from under the wet spray, wrapping a towel loosely around his waist. His eyes trailed over Hannibal as he emerged in a swirl of steam, his broad, strong body glistening and littered with water droplets. Will couldn’t hold back a long low moan. “You are beautiful,” he breathed.

“You have made your opinion very clear, Will,” Hannibal said with a smile.

Will came towards him and crouched to dry off his legs, pressing kisses along the length of his tough muscles. He left butterfly kisses all over his body as he dried him off, keeping up a constant stream of compliments. Will pulled Hannibal into the bedroom and led him to stand in front of the mirror. “Stay,” he bid softly. Hannibal nodded, intrigued by what Will wanted from him.

He watched Will open the wardrobe and pull down a polaroid. Hannibal did not like taking photos on his phone but did like to record memories in a physical way. Will had discovered several retro objects in Hannibal’s house and took great joy in toying with them. He returned to Hannibal with a bright smile. “Smile,” he said, raising the camera. Hannibal gave him a small enigmatic smile and Will snapped a picture.

The camera spat out a picture and Will shook it before tucking it into the frame of the mirror. “Can I get a real smile now?” He asked.

“You do not believe my smile is genuine?” Hannibal asked. Will smiled and stepped into Hannibal’s arms, kissing him deeply.

“Big grin, please?” Will asked, pouting up at him.

“If you wish, my darling,” Hannibal said, smiling brightly and showing his teeth. Will took the picture and added it to the first with a smile.

The collage grew as Will kept taking pictures, documenting every inch of Hannibal, wanting to preserve his beauty. Hannibal found himself enjoying the experience more than he expected. Although he delighted in teasing Will, keeping him on the brink until he was pleading with tears in his lovely eyes, the idea of delayed gratification did not appeal to him.

He did not wait, he took what he wanted, but he had waited for Will. For three years he had waited without so much as a letter. Now he had Will with him, he took him every opportunity he got without delay. But in this moment he stood and let Will document him without complaint, following every instruction, watching Will's face.

His skin felt warm under his admiration. Will was gazing at him as though he was a priceless work of art. Hannibal knew he was an attractive man, he did not deny it but being told how stunning he was and being worshipped by Will was intoxicating. Gratitude and pride flooded over him. He believed every word Will said and felt like a beautiful God, Will's deity, his everything.

"Your pictures don't do you justice," Will observed, looking at his collection. "No-one will ever get to see you like I do," he said with a grin.

Hannibal laughed softly as he reclined on the bed. "Then you should enjoy the real thing, since it is all yours."

"You promise?" Will said. "That you are all mine, forever?"

"Yes, Will," Hannibal said, his face serious. "I belong to you and will forever, your God and your supplicant."

Will knelt at the foot of the bed, his strong hands dragging Hannibal's body down until he was face to face with Hannibal's heavy dick. With a pleased hum he stroked his hands from Hannibal's ankles up to his hips, parting his legs and shuffling forward. "Sit up," he asked, gently. Hannibal obeyed, placing a hand on Will's curls and leaning back on one elbow, gazing down at Will in wonder, precum leaking from the tip of his thick length. With a smile Will spread the liquid over the length of Hannibal's member before replacing the warmth of his hands with the hot cavern of his mouth, tongue curling underneath the heavy meat. Dragging his hands over Hannibal's thighs he hollowed out his cheeks, sucking while bobbing his head. Blue eyes gazed up at Hannibal's flushed body with worship, watching him fall apart beautifully under his care.

Will devoted himself to Hannibal's pleasure, sucking and stroking, pleasure building steadily, unhurried in his ministrations. Hannibal's breathing suddenly quickened and his hand tightened in Will's curls, urging him closer. Will relaxed with throat, letting it open and trying to take Hannibal's full length. He gagged at first and put his hand to Hannibal's wrist, needing a moment to adjust. Breathing through his nose he pushed forward, succeeding in taking the full length, his nose tickling Hannibal's thick thatch of pubic hair and he moaned around the feeling of being completely stuffed full.

The moan sent vibrations up Hannibal's shaft and he answered with his own loan moan as Will's throat muscles massaged his length, driving him to the brink of his orgasm. Will brought his hand up to massage Hannibal's scrotum and with a shout Hannibal thrust his hips forward and ejaculated down Will's throat. Will had to pull back to keep breathing, his face red from exertion. He kept Hannibal's sensitive head in his mouth sucking sweetly until he had swallowed every drop of salty cum before realising him.

Breathing heavily, he rested his head on Hannibal's thigh, enjoying the feel of Hannibal hand moving though his damp curls. "I love you," he said rough and quiet.

"I love you too, my devoted kind lover," Hannibal said gently, urging Will's head up and standing himself. He donned a light dressing gown as Will settled on the edge of the bed still admiring him. Hannibal handed Will a matching whisper thin covering. "Join me outside please?" He requested, retrieving a small object from the wardrobe and secreting it in his pocket. "Do not pout," Will pulled on the fabric and followed Hannibal into the bright sunlight, walking down onto the beach. "You have brought me intense happiness since the first night you spent in my bed," they shared a soft smile at the memory. "Everyday I find myself falling more and more in love with you, I cannot imagine being apart from you ever again."

"You won't be," Will promised, leaning against Hannibal who held him for a moment before stepping back and reaching into his pocket.

"I hope you mean that Will," Hannibal said with uncharacteristic nervousness. Suddenly he dropped to one knee in the sand, opening a small box to reveal a platinum band studded with black diamonds. "Will you marry me? Be mine, forever?" He asked, gazing up at Will.

"Yes," Will said automatically. "Of course yes I will marry you," he blurted with a joyful laugh. Hannibal rose to his feet and drew Will into a passionate kiss that continued until they were both struggling for air. With a bright grin Hannibal slid the ring onto Will's finger, claiming him as his own. "I really want to marry you, I've been waiting for you to ask," he admitted.

"You have?" He asked softly.

"Yes, I was hoping you would ask me soon. I thought about doing it myself but I didn't want to damage your pride," Will said, grinning broadly.

"As long as I have your love I will be exceedingly proud."

End Notes

Next up: wedding night lust. Let me know what you think of this fic and the series as a whole.

Once again - Podcasts, thoughts, tips?

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

XXX

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